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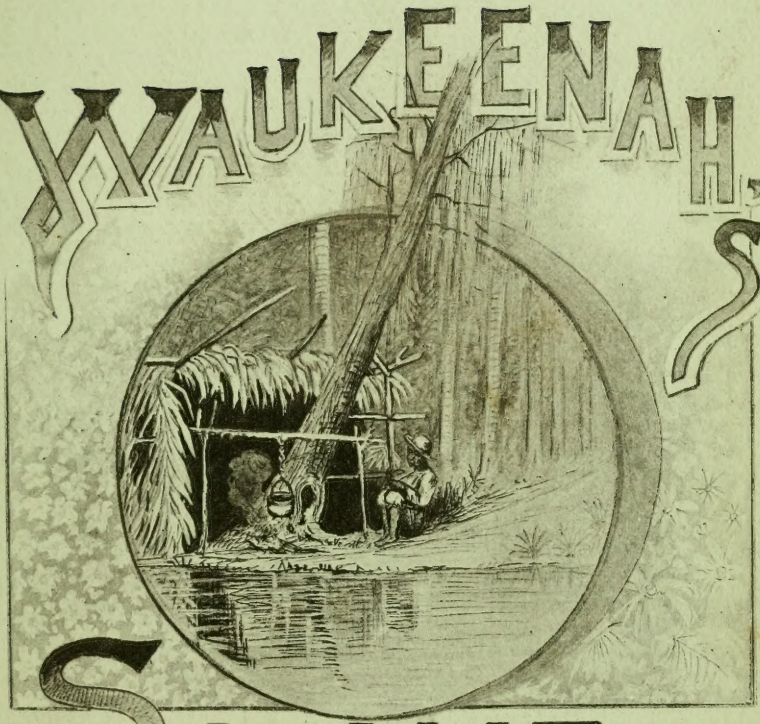
WAUKEENAH'S SLAVE.



WAUKEENAH'S SLAVE.

A LEGEND

By

T. O. SUMMERS.

WITH 18 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

DRAWN BY,

HORACE W. WIGHTMAN.

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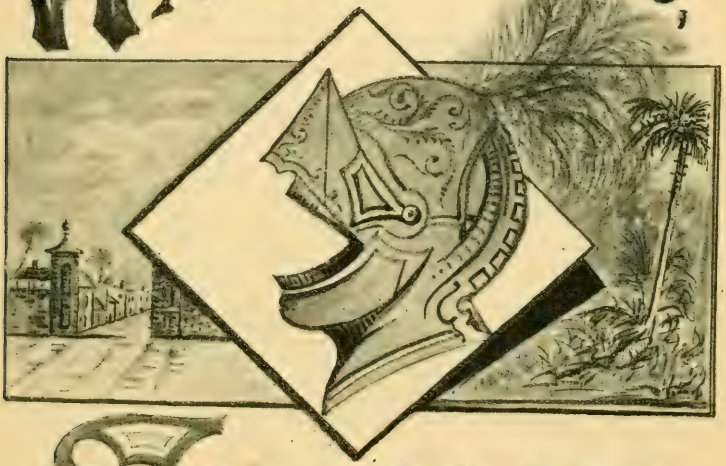
WAUKEENAH'S



SLAVE.

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LEGEND.

It is said that a short time ago an Indian Chief appeared on the Streets of St Augustine accompanied by an old negroman.

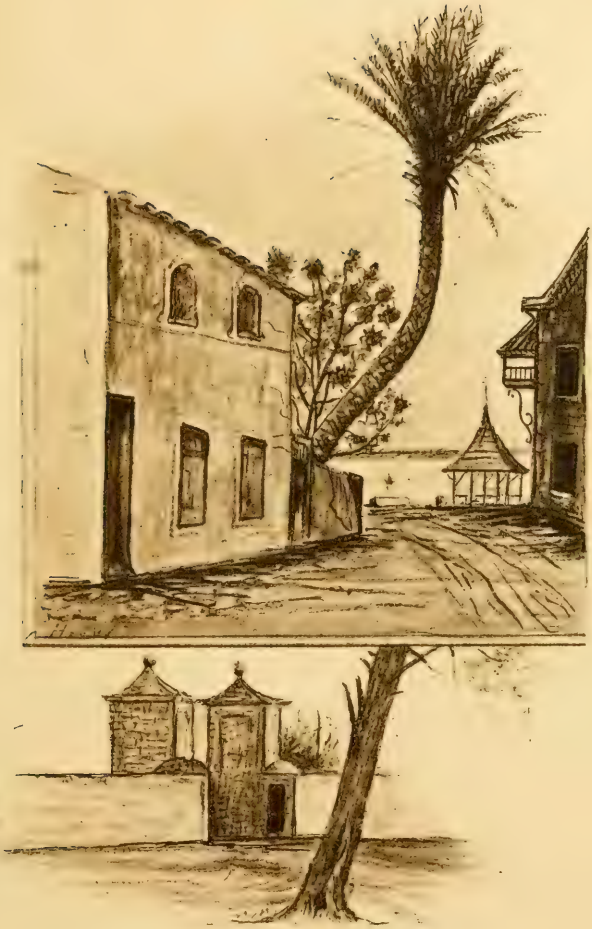
After viewing the wonderful Ponce de Leon Hotel, and the ancient Fort, he tried to sell the slave; but upon being informed that slavery was a thing of the past, he offered the negro his freedom, and returned alone to his home in the Everglades.

WATCH TOWER SANMARCO
1656.

On the blue Matanzas frowning,
With its proud Castillian crest
All its dark embrasures crowning
Looks San Marco
from the west.

There it stands, a strange exotic,
In this land of palms and sands;
Planted by a race despotic,
Reared by shackled Indian hands.

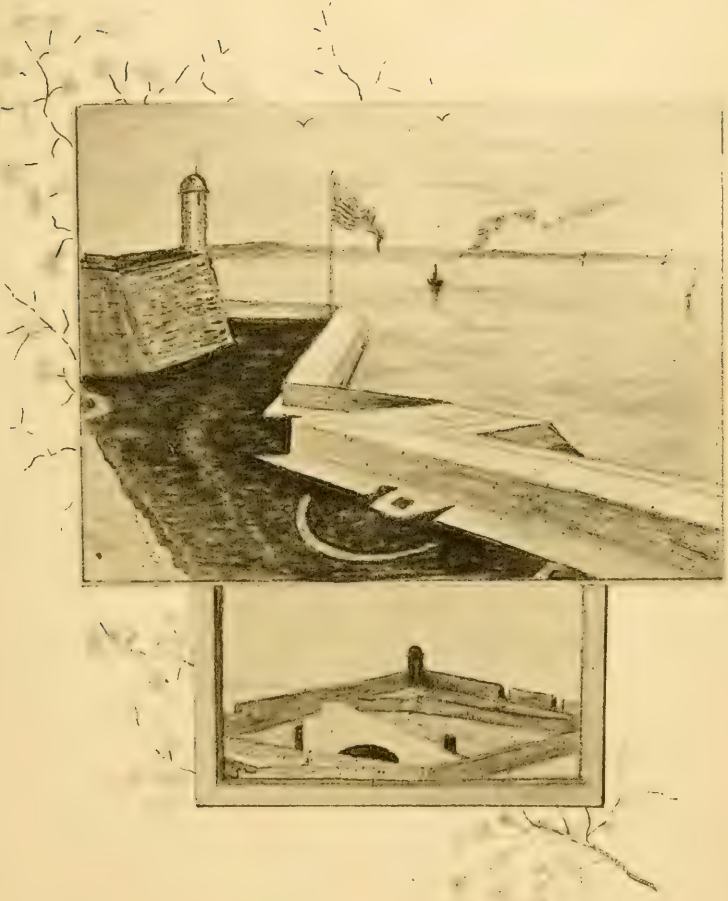
Once the sheen of
Moorish lances
Glittered from those
gray old walls;
Spaniards wove their
weird
romances
In those dark
coquina
halls.



At its' feet all cramped
and
crouching,
Lies the ancient sea girt town;
Eltrich houses,
gables touching,
Roofs of tilings
rude
and
brown

Through those gates
now old
and crumbling,
Proudly pranced the Knights
of Spain,
Now the
ox team
slowly rumbling,
Enters from the
sandy
plain.

Garden wall and
quaint piazza
Mauritanian portals low.
Old Cathedral,
Market plaza,
Tell the tale of long ago.
Spain has lost her tyrant
power,
And her flag no more
is seen
Flying from that grim
old tower,
Once the pride
of
Augustine.



O'er it floats
Columbia's banner,
Emblem of the
free
and
brave;
Guarded by no mailed
retainer,
Minion, vassal,
serf
or
slave.

Far within this land
of flowers,
In the gloom of forest shades
Indian braves dwell
'neath the bowers
Of the pathless Everglades.

There was one,
a tawny giant,
Last of all his scattered
tribe,
Remnant of a race
defiant,
Néer subdued,
nor won
with bribe.

By the still Miami River
Roamed Waukeenah child of doom,
And his steps had wandered never
From his fathers forest home.

All his kindred brave had perished
All had been the whitemans foe
And within his heart he cherished
Hate that burned with hellish glow.

Once as silently he pondered
O'er the fate that doomed his race,
And with wild conjecture wondered
Who would come to fill his place;

Suddenly a great emotion
Swept across his heaving breast,
As a storm breaks on the ocean,
When its waves are all at rest.

Near a spring whose
crystal flashes
Ripple to the tideless wave
By the campfires smouldering
ashes,
Sat a captive Indian slave
Years had flown since from
the battle
He had been as booty brought
In the days when like
dumb cattle
Afric's sons
were sold
and
bought.

Kindred ties had long been broken,
And his rude uncultured tongue,
Only Indian words had spoken,
Only Indian songs had sung.

As he sat, Waukeenah turning
Thus, with frowning visage spoke
"Rise Lenoir my heart is burning
To behold this pale faced folk.

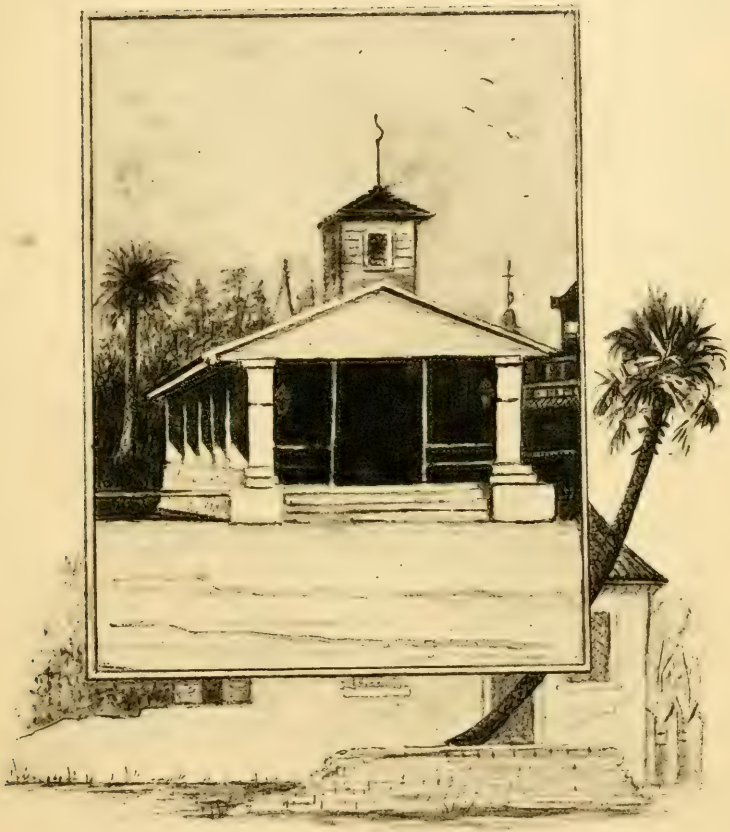
I have heard the wondrous story
Of their crowded cities great
Of their deeds on fields of glory
Where my fathers met their fate.

Foes they are to both our races
Mine has perished by their hands
I would look into their faces
I would view their fertile lands."

By Welaka's* still
meandering,
On through hammock
marsh
and plain,
After long and weary
wandering.
They behold
the mighty
main

* Former name of St. John's River, meaning chain of lakes.

Saw they then the
harbor teeming
With the sails of moving
ships,
Heard the throbbing
engines screaming,
And great wonder
sealed
their
lips.



From the
old cathedral
pealing,
Rang the chimes out on the air;
Oe'r Waukeenah came a feeling
Of a strange and deep despair.

Round them both there soon assembled,
Those who would their mission Know,
And Waukeenah's great form
trembled,
As he spoke
in accents
slow;

"I have come to view this city
To behold your works of art;
But I ask not love or pity
From the white man's
murderous heart.

Once my fathers brave,
defended
With their lives this
lovely land;
With its soil their
blood
is blended,
Dying by your
conquering
hand.

I am now content to perish;
Since your glory
I have seen,
Naught there is for me to cherish,
But the thought
of what has been.

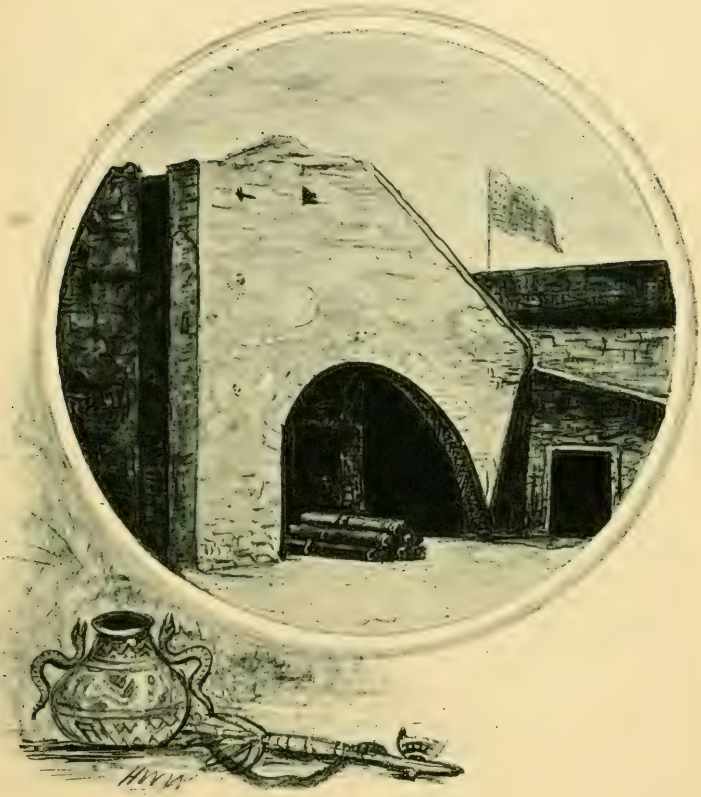
By the banks of that lone
river,
In my far off forest home,
I shall dwell, unknown
forever,
And await my
peoples
doom.

Take this slave,
'twas here I
found him,
Take him at the price ye name,
With your
shackles
ye have bound
him
To a life of toil
and
shame:

Scarcely had the words
been uttered,
When a negro bowed with years,
Trembling towards
Waukeenah
tottered,
And his eyes were
filled with
tears.

With a voice all filled
with feeling,
To Waukeenah thus
he spoke.
And his frame
all bent and reeling,
With a strange emotion shook:

Savage see my head is hoary,
And I soon shall be at rest;
But my heart leaps
at your story,
And a wild hope fills
my breast.



Streaming from
yon ancient
tower,
See that starry banner wave,
Neath its folds, no man
hath power
God's own image
to
enslave.

I have felt the curse
of slavry,
Under which my people groaned,
Yours have perished in their
bravry,
Dying for the land they owned.

But a brighter day has broken,
And its bars of massy Light
Are the bright and peaceful token,
Of the triumph of the right.

Open then thy long closed vision,
And the present glory see
Thou canst find a noble mission
'Neath the banner
of the free.

"No" Waukeenah answered
sadly,
Not for me the white man's
art;
See these pulses beat too madly,
I have still a savage heart

Ye may take this poor old
creature,
Tell him of his changed estate,
It may please his servile
nature,
I shall choose my fathers fate".

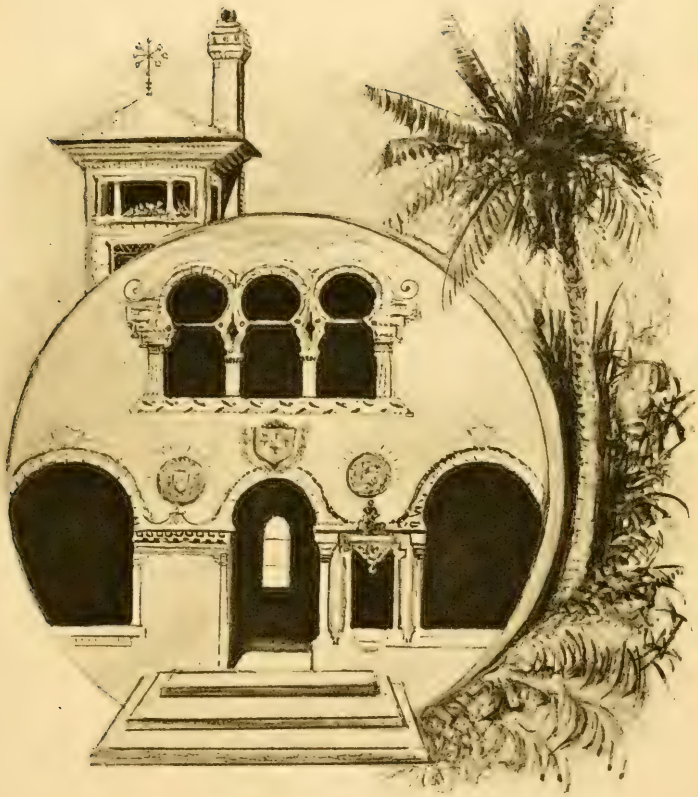
Then Waukeenah
proudly turning
From the plaza moved away,
With a heart all filled
with yearning
For his wild home, far away.

As he stood there
dumb with wonder
Looked the old man
on Lenoir,
And he cried in voice
of thunder
"I HAVE SEEN THAT
FACE
BEFORE."

Then there came an
inspiration
Of a strange and wondrous light,
Dawning like a new creation,
On the dark of nature's night.

"It is he! in every feature,
I can well his Kinship trace;
Naught deceives the eye
of nature
Son, behold thy
father's face!

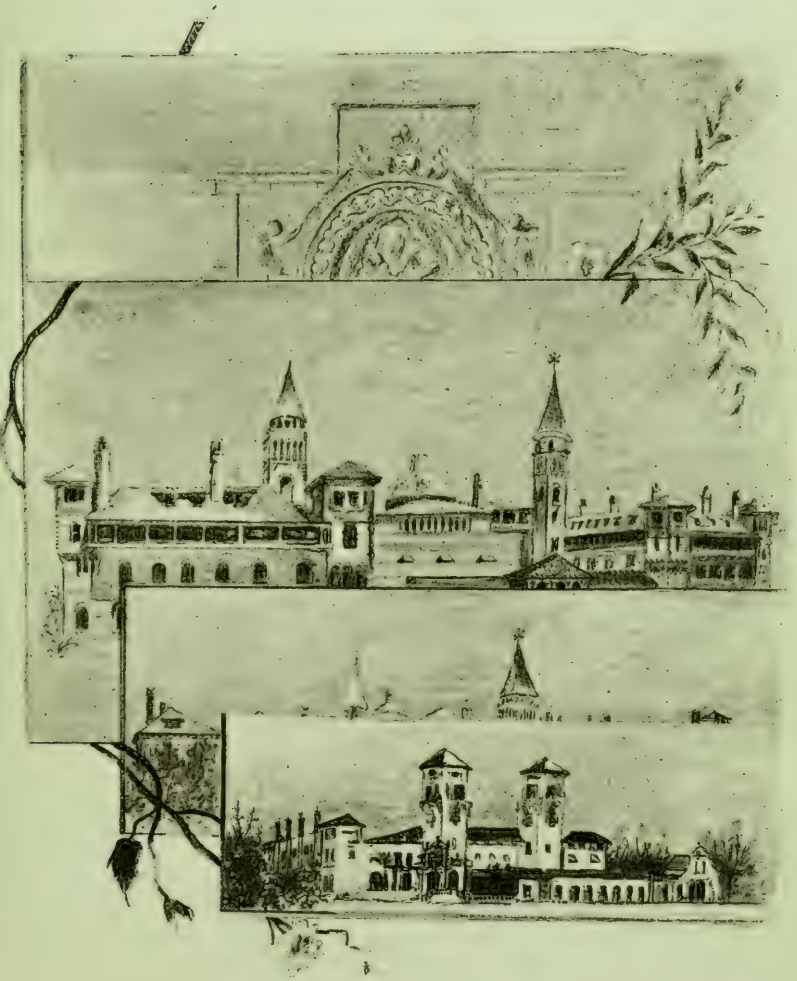
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *



In the west, the sun
was setting;
Ponce de Leon's windows
flamed;
And a weird fantastic fretting,
With a purpling splendor
streamed.

Through its gorgeous halls
and spaces,
Moved the masters
of the earth,
But not one of all their faces
Told what real joy
was worth.

A ray of heavenly light
was beaming
From two faces on that eve;
Through their hearts
such peace
was streaming,
As the world
can
never
give.



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